

## ACT 1

INTERIOR. LA CASTING AGENCY - MORNING

A low-end LA casting room. Definitely nothing fancy- there's a camera, a small desk with a computer, a few chair, a couch and small table. The door to the front lobby is closed.

CHRIS [LATE 20[U+0092]S, CASTING DIRECTOR, BLACK JEANS, BLACK T-SHIRT, BLACK PRESCRIPTION GLASSES, WANTS TO BE A REAL DIRECTOR MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD] STANDS BEHIND THE CAMERA.

JOY [LATE 20[U+0092]S, CASTING DIRECTOR, PRETTY BUT DRESSED DOWN, HOLES IN HER JEANS, SARCASTIC, APATHETIC, CAN[U+0092]T BELIEVE SHE OWES 120,00 IN LOANS TO FILM SCHOOL] SITS AT A COMPUTER TO UPLOAD THE AUDITIONS. SHE[U+0092]S READING THE BOOK, APATHY AND OTHER SMALL VICTORIES.

As the voices from the front lobby get louder, Joy reluctantly puts down the book, and Chris picks up two head-shots off the desk.

JOY

Is this really happening? Did we really spend 120,000 grand on film school to become casting directors? Every single fucking studio passed on our script and the short film we made? It[U+0092]s because of that night...I know it.

FLASHBACK TO:

INTERIOR. CAMERA CONTROL ROOM- LA LAKERS PLAYOFF GAME

Chris and Joy are the only one's in the booth, controlling which camera is used for the shot on TV.

JOY

I can't believe we're actually getting to do this, but shit I[U+0092]m tired.

CHRIS

Between my thesis film, and the three other side projects I've got going, I don't think I[U+0092]ve slept more than three hours all week.

Joy pulls out four pills from her pocket. Two are circular, two are oval shaped, but they[U+0092]re the same color.

(CONTINUED)

JOY

Here, take...[thinks for a  
beat]...yeah take this one. They  
both pop the oval shaped pills.

INTERIOR. SPORTS BAR IN LA

The place is packed with Laker fans. Every single one of the  
twenty flat screen TVs on the wall is playing the game.  
There's timeout in the game so the camera cut to a close-up  
of Harvey Weinstein, sitting floor side.

ANNOUNCER

There he is folks...probably the  
single most powerful person in  
Hollywood. If there[U+0092]s one  
person in Tinsel Town you  
don[U+0092]t want to piss off  
it[U+0092]s this guy.

Unaware of his close-up for the world to see, Harvey gets an  
itch on his balls, and aggressively starts scratching his  
crotch.

ANNOUNCER

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, how are we  
still on this shot?

INTERIOR. CAMERA CONTROL ROOM- LA LAKERS PLAYOFF GAME

Chris and Joy are both passed out in the control booth. We  
hear a voice over the speaker in the room.

VOICE FROM SPEAKER

Fucking cut from camera 11! Cut  
camera 11! Cut it! Cut the fuck out  
of camera 11! Fuuuuuuuck!

Chris finally wakes up and hit a button to switch the shot.

INTERIOR. LA CASTING AGENCY - MORNING

CHRIS

The camera wasn[U+0092]t even on him  
that long, and it has nothing to do  
with nobody picking up our script  
yet. It took Matt Damon and Ben  
Affleck like twenty years to sell  
Good Will Hunting and our script  
sucks compared to that. And one  
more thing...for the rest of your  
life, at every hollywood party you  
go to, whenever someone finishes

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
with, [U+0093]Who[U+0092]s got a  
better story than that?[U+0094] You  
get to respond with total  
confidence and say, [U+0093]I  
do.[U+0094]

JOY  
It is a pretty fucking great story.

Chris opens the the door to a small lobby. It's packed with  
struggling actors, waiting to audition.

CHRIS  
Jenny Daniels and Steven  
Curtis...you guys are up... for the  
erectile dysfunction role of a  
lifetime. Pun totally intended.  
Worked that line for two hours this  
morning.

JENNY [LATE 30[U+0092]S, PRETTY BLOND] and STEVE [EARLY  
40[U+0092]S, TALL, HANDSOME] WALK IN FOR THEIR AUDITION.  
CHRIS CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

STEVE  
Wait, this is for a boner pill  
commercial? My agent told me I was  
auditioning for the next evolution  
of those crazy, big budget Heineken  
spots.

JENNY  
If I had got a quarter every time I  
heard that, I wouldn[U+0092]t be  
pissing on guys at night to pay off  
my student loans.

JOY  
You[U+0092]re kidding?

STEVE  
No, my fucking agent told  
me[U+0085].

JOY  
No,no,no,not you...Golden Shower,  
Jenny. How much money do you get  
paid to piss on a guy? Do you have  
sex with them too?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

Usually a couple thousand.  
Sometimes more. The other night I  
gave a golden shower to the head of  
Saag for five thousand.

JOY

No sex? No blowies?

JENNY

No sex. No blowies. No kisses. Not  
even a handshake.

JOY

What a great gig.

CHRIS

I[U+0092]ve definitely pissed in  
worse places.

JOY

The bathroom we have here is a  
worse place.

STEVE

I[U+0092]m sorry...this isn[U+0092]t  
the type of conversation I[U+0092]d  
usually interrupt, but can we get  
this going so I can kill my liar of  
an agent?

JOY

Totally understand that this the  
type of conversation you  
wouldn[U+0092]t interrupt. Today  
wasn[U+0092]t the day for mesh  
shorts, huh, Stevo.

Steve quickly tucks up his semi erection. Chris reads over  
the script for the scene.

CHRIS

This may not be the next evolution  
of Heineken, but it[U+0092]s  
definitely the next evolution of  
that boner pill campaign. You know  
the commercials that end with the  
couple sitting in two separate  
bathtubs at the end?

JOY

How the fuck does shit like that  
get made?

FLASHBACK TO:

INTERIOR. ADVERTISING AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM

A Creative Director is presenting a script to the client.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

...so then we cut to the couple taking a bath together. Logo comes up and the spot ends.

CLIENT

In the same tub? Oh no, that's way to sexual for our brand. Let's put them in two different tubs, right next to each other. Yeah, that makes way more sense.

INTERIOR. LA CASTING AGENCY - MORNING

CHRIS

So think of this as the hipper, blingyer, more luxury version of that commercial. Instead of two separate bath tubs, you[U+0092]ll be sitting in two separate hot tubs on the back deck.

Almost like she[U+0092]s a different person, Joy energetically grabs two chairs from the corner of the room and places them in front of the camera.

JOY

Here are your hot tubs. The button for the more powerful jet is right here. At least that[U+0092]s my favorite.

CHRIS

Says here, they really want to try and push the envelope with the sexual expressions, which is awesome on so many levels.

Chris adjust the camera for the shot. Joy sits back down at the computer.

CHRIS

So yeah, you[U+0092]re sitting in two separate hot tubs, jets are blasting, bubbles everywhere, and you just keep giving each other super sexy looks.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
Anything to add Joy?

JOY  
Ummm...nope...looks like Steve is  
fully erect now.

CHRIS  
Like a true professional...he  
couldn[U+0092]t hold back if he  
wanted to. Alright, slate your  
names.

JENNY  
Jenny Smith, Stewart Talent

STEVEN  
Steven Rogers, Stewart Talent

STEVEN[U+0092]s boner pops back out from the tuck.

CHRIS  
And action!

As Jenny and Steve go back and forth with a multitude of  
sexy looks, Chris and Joy chyme in with direction.

CHRIS  
Steve, stop thinking about your  
agent, it[U+0092]s making your sexy  
face come across as rapey.

Steve adjusts his look.

CHRIS  
That[U+0092]s great.

JOY  
Jenny for someone who pissed on a  
guy last night, you look a little  
terrified...scratch that...once  
Steve lost is rapey face that took  
care of itself. Man, you guys are  
getting me horny!

CHRIS  
Maybe just turn down the eroticness  
just a smidge. Even though we want  
raw sexual attraction, you still  
love each other.

(CONTINUED)

JOY

Of course they love each other. Why else would they be sitting in two separate hot tubs on their back deck?

CHRIS

Steve, give me a quick wink.

Steve gives more of a twitch.

CHRIS

That was more of a twitch.

Steve tries again.

CHRIS

There you go, buddy.

JOY

Jenny, bite your lip and flare your nostrils.

JOY

Take that back, just bite your lip.

JOY

Amazing..,if you guys weren't sitting in two separate hot tubs on your back deck, I'd totally believe that Steve was rock hard and ready to fuck you.

EXTERIOR. PARKING LOT OF CASTING AGENCY

RICHIE GLICKMAN [EARLY 50S, OWNER OF GLICKMAN'S CASTING, SHORT GREY HAIR] SITS IN HIS CAR WITH A GAS MASK STRAPPED TO HIS HEAD, WHICH IS ATTACHED TO A BONG. HE CONTINUES TO INHALE AND EXHALE WEED.

A woman [mids 30's] is walking with her son (5) to a baby food audition. She sees Richie in the car, grabs her son's hand, and runs toward the casting agency.

RICHIE

No need to be alarmed! It's medicinal!

INTERIOR. LA CASTING AGENCY - MORNING

SUNITA [MID 20'S, INDIAN, RICHIE'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER, SUPER BITCH] works at the reception desk when she decides to show up.

The woman and kid from the parking come running into the lobby and walk up to the reception desk, where Sunita is typing on her phone.

WOMAN

Hi, we're here for the baby food audition. This is my son, Jack Lawler.

Sunita doesn't look up- just keeps typing.

SUNITA

First of all, you never talk to me when I'm texting. And right now I'm in the middle of writing a caption for my instagram post. A good caption can get you like thirty to forty more likes. So how about you just take a seat and let's pretend this conversation never happened.

Completely appalled, the woman grabs her kid and takes a seat next to a guy in the waiting room. The guy is here to audition to for the boner commercial so he's practicing his sexual looks. Coincidentally, he's looking right in the direction of the woman's kid who just sat down. The woman finally notices.

WOMAN

You fucking pervert! Come on Tommy, this isn't worth it. Mommy will marry some rich prick to pay for college instead.

As the woman storms out, Richie walks in. He extends his arm to shake the kid's hand and introduce himself.

RICHIE

Hello there pal, Richie Glickman...

WOMAN

Don't touch him you goddamn pedophile.